

BLIND GRAVE ROBBER/AGNOSTIC EGGS



GARRET SCHUELKE

Blind Grave Robber/ Agnostic Eggs

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Bakunin Incorporated

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This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, businesses, places, events and incidents are either the products of the author's imagination or used in a fictitious manner. Any resemblance to actual persons, living or dead, or actual events is purely coincidental.

Photos by Garret Schuelke

Author's Introduction

(format taken from "Lonesome Traveler" by Jack Kerouac)

Name: Garret Schuelke

Nationality: American (Irish, German, Polish, French, Russian, a mishmash like every other white person in this country)

Place of Birth: Alpena, Michigan

Date of Birth: June 8, 1987

Education: Ella White Elementary School, Thunder Bay Junior High, Alpena High School (graduated 2006), Northwestern Michigan College (2006-2007, no degree), Alpena Community College (2007-2009, no degree), Western Michigan University (2009-2011, Bachelors in Arts), Kalamazoo Valley Community College (2010, one math class need for degree at WMU).

Married: Nope

Children: Hope not

Summary of Principal Occupations and/or jobs: (As of 2013) Alpena: delivering advertisers (twice in my life, the last time being in 2008-2009), doing various jobs for grandparents, delivery for a local café, clerk at a local family market (first real, taxable job, fired from for not being "sociable enough"), student worker at a cement plant, contractor at same cement plant a year later, laborer at a linen service (eventually burned down, everyone—including yours truly, minus 4 or 5 members of the management—were let go), student librarian at Alpena Community College, worked one day for a brush disposal company contracted by the city, security guard for various events during summer 2009 (a wedding, Alpena Fourth of July fireworks area, Rogers City Nautical Festival), hired to clear out a closed Family Dollar store by an employment agency/ Kalamazoo: reporter for the Western Herald (2009-2011), student custodian at the WMU's Elmwood Apartments (lived there at the time, had to quit after I moved out in fall 2010), dishwasher in Schoolcraft (first post-graduate job), donation attendant at Starvation Army store in Portage, almost got a job at Liberty Tax Service as the person who walks up and down the street wearing their lady liberty costume (didn't show up on the first day due to sickness, never called back)/ Grand Rapids: currently a laborer at a warehouse, hope to do something different by the time Summer 2014 comes around.

Interests

Hobbies: Writing (no shit, Batman!), reading, bicycling, traveling, urban exploration, thrifting, bar hopping, nightclubbing, Zen Buddhism, photographing graffiti, Netflix, Beat Generation, Alt Lit, comic books, manga, blogging, feeling existential while doing laundry late at night in laundromats, attempting to rid myself of boredom and anxiety through general wandering, dumpster diving, daydreaming in order to put up with my hellish job(s) and not freak the fuck out, attending shows (venues, bars, basement/house shows), worrying myself to the point of

madness thinking about the possibility of having to move back to my shit hometown due to absolute failure, wolves & owls, engaging in various sexual escapades, trolling people on Facebook and Tumblr when bored, cleaning, surviving.

Sports: Played baseball, hockey, football, and basketball in my early years, but was never good at them and dislike the majority of people on my teams. Finally manned up and quit in my teens, though I did bowl in a high school league with some friends.

Special: Women (I really don't know how to answer this question, so this is what you get).

Please Give a Brief Resume of Your Life

Raised in small town, suburban Northeast Michigan town called Alpena. Dad works at a cement plant, formally sailed on the cement boats before I was born. Mom works in the public schools. Younger brother was—and continues to be—the athlete of the house. The only way, as of this writing, that I can think of to describe my childhood overall is that it fluctuated between good, bad, terrible, and awesome so much that it doesn't surprise me that I turned out the way I am. I remember having my first “existential crisis” after I visited the local cemetery for the first time (that I can remember anyway). My brother and I spent the visit climbing the graves while our mom yelled at us. She later explained that we needed to respect the people resting there because we would one day die as well. My naïve, pre-Catholic mind overreacted, causing me to believe that, no matter what I do in life, I would just end up in the ground in that specific boneyard, my body rotting. This lasted for a little over a week until I told my mom about it, whom then reassured me that it wasn't as bad as I thought it would be because I would be in heaven with her, my family, and all my friends happy and content (not so sure about that these days). Got interested in writing in the sixth grade, wrote fantasy stories for class assignments. Started writing fanfiction and videogame reviews in Junior High, which led me in an interest in journalism, which led to me writing for our high school rag, *The Wildcat*, three out of the four years I was at AHS (freshman year was just a class). Most of the articles I wrote were reviews and opinion pieces. Read *The Adventures of the Blue Avenger* and *Blue Avenger Cracks the Code* by Norma Howe during my freshman year, which got me thinking about changing my name and becoming a different, stronger person (which led to the pen name I use now). Became a member of Key Club, which allowed me to attend my first international convention in Indianapolis (summer 2003), sparking my interest in traveling. Met and broke up with my first girlfriend in my sophomore year, went into a long depressive state that ended one day in some English class I wasn't paying attention to. Suddenly got interested in philosophy, history, religion, occult/new age stuff, art, biographies of famous people—such as Sir Richard Francis Burton—and music. Also started seriously studying literature, with a few terrible attempts at writing short stories. My five “pillars” at the time were (in this exact order) Mark Twain, Ernest Hemingway, Jack London, Jack Kerouac, and Hunter S. Thompson. I read their work religiously, and also got into Kurt Vonnegut and Charles Bukowski. Graduated in 2006, worked at a cement plant over the summer, then moved to Traverse City and attended Northwestern Michigan College. Basically flunked out, the only real memorable things being that I lost my virginity and, through Raegan Butchers *Stone Hotel: Poems from Prison*, got into writing poetry. Returned to Alpena and attended Alpena Community College. Wrote over 100 poems during the fall 2007 semester, self-published my first chapbook *Blind Grave Robber* in 2008. Failures in jobs, schoolwork, and personal relationships led to more depressive states and less writing, put together *Agnostic Eggs*

in 2009, but only made five copies before I just gave up on it. Moved to Kalamazoo in 2009 to attend Western Michigan University, made tons of friends, enemies, rivals, attended house shows, wrote for the university newspaper, the Western Herald, for two years, got poems published here and there, moved four times, visited Toronto and Chicago, lived and helped ran a house venue—many more adventures that would take me all day to go into detail. Moved to Grand Rapids in March 2013, currently working at a warehouse, releasing this book now and *Wotan* next month.

Final plans: Don't know, though I'm sure that I, along with the rest of people within my age group and younger, are fucked due to capitalisms slow collapse (ex: no retirement). I'm hoping to have some success out of living this "writers life", or at the very least won't end my life working as a greeter at some retail store and lonely as fuck.

Favorite complaint about contemporary world: I refuse to answer this question, since all it would lead to is eyeball-rolling worthy bitching.

Please give a short description of this book, its scope, and purpose as you see them: *Blind Grave Robber/Agnostic Eggs* is an e-book that contains my first self-published chapbook, *Blind Grave Robber*, my nearly-unpublished second chapbook, *Agnostic Eggs*, plus some extra writings (with commentary). I'm publishing this as a "name your own price" book, meaning that you can pay whatever you want for it, or can download it for free. I don't expect to make much cash off of it, though it would be cool if I made enough to fill up my car at least once. Like my first chapbook, this is being published for purposes of exposure, and partially to advertise my next book, *Wotan*, which will be released at the end of January 2014.

Yours Truly,
Garret Schuelke
Sunday, December 29, 2013
Grand Rapids, Michigan

BLIND GRAVE ROBBER



After the Execution

My severed head
was attached to
the top of Alpena's
tallest street light.

The citizens would
throw trash at my
face and curse me
out.

It stopped when
my skin was
completely gone.

My skull shined
in the sun and
moon light.

The people, at
last, realized how
truly beautiful I
was.

Abbott

The bum broke
into a funeral
home at three
in the morning
and stole a
casket.

He brought it
back to his camp
and broke off
the top half of
the lid.

For the first
time since he
was in his mothers
womb, he slept
like a baby.

The Martial Arts Master

“No way. I
don’t want
that nutjob
playing with
us,” I said.
“Yeah, I’m
with ya on
that,” Stanley
said. “We’ll
tell him off
if he comes
over.”

Yep, only
Stanley
would be
able to do
such a thing
without
getting in
a battle stance
or making
sure his
shoe laces
were tied
tight.

He knew
all these
different
forms of
martial
arts.
I once took
a mock
swing at
him, and
he grabbed
my arm and
did a *mock*
backhand at
my face.

Billy, the
large, intimidating
weirdo, came
over wanting
to join us.

We refused
him.

He threatened
us, we threatened
back, and
he didn't
take too
kindly to
being met
with resistance.

"I've fought
people older
and bigger
than either of
you fuckers!"
he claimed.

"So you can
beat up people
from Weight
Watchers,"
Stanley said.
"Big deal,"

(Man, if I
could come
up with burns
like that, my
sense of worth
would be
TEN times
higher).

As with any
powerful
burn, a fight
almost came
about till a

gym teacher
sent Billy
packing.

From that
day foreword,
Stanley
remained
my friend
throughout
my hellish
sophomore
year and
an ally for
the rest of
my high
school days.

Billy remained
a foe.

Reading Raegan Butcher 5 ½ Hours Before I Have To Get Up To Go To Work

Re-reading *Stone Hotel*
and *Rusty String Quartet*
again.

It's Sunday night and
—having slept till noon—
impossible to go to bed
early.

Morning will come before
I want it to.

He's an all-around great
poet.
His style is wonderful
(and I don't give a shit
if he got it from Leonard
Cohen).

Reading him inspires me
to write my own poetry.

Reading him makes me
realize that my problems
are, compared to his,
the equivalent of a stubbed
toe.

Believe me Butch—they
shall pass.

So will mine.

Blind Grave Robber

You wouldn't be
able to recognize
his corpse without
a label.

Hemingway deep
throated a shotgun
and blew his skull
into fragments.

A grave robber could
dig him up, open his
casket, and say "Yep,
that's him alright."

I pity the blind grave
robber.

As if his profession isn't
hard enough.

Violent Urges

I was standing
on the side of
the Ella White
baseball field
watching some
fellow students
play kickball
when Ronald
came up beside
me.

“Hey Floyd,”
he said smiling.

“Want to go beat
up those kids
with me?”

He pointed towards
the baseball field.

“No thanks Ronald,”

I replied. “I just
got out of detention
and I really don’t
want to go back
and...”

BAM!!!

I crumbled to the
ground.

I didn’t know the
right term at the
time, but Ronald
“knocked me the
fuck out” and
walked off.

My mom knew a
little bit about Ronald.
She told me there
was something
mentally wrong
with him.

That he got extremely
violent when angry

and had to take
medication to
suppress his urges.

Either he didn't
take any medication
that day or his dosage
wasn't strong enough.

Later on another day
he had me on the
ground in a sleeper
hold while his current
sweetheart repeatedly
kicked me in the ribs.
I don't remember how
it came to this.
My guess is that since
we were near the sandbox,
that had something to
do with it.

Years later I met
Ronald again in
the boy's bathroom.
He started talking
shit to me and I
talked shit back
to him.
My years of attending
Ella White Elementary
School had toughened
me up.

I'm not a monster,
but I'm no pussy.

As soon as I zipped up
my fly, he attacks.
This time I fight back.
We are both punching
and screaming at each other.
He had strength and
rage.
I was filled with rage.

The fight could have
ended sooner—but he
failed to smash my
head into the sink.

If that happened I
wouldn't be writing
this.

I would probably be
hooked up to a piss
bag and only be capable
of saying words like
“nuh” and “der”.

Or he could have killed
me.

Finally his aid—the
tallest women in the
school—stopped the
fight.

To this day I don't know
how she subdued him.

In my sophomore year
of high school he returns
from serving time in a
juvenile detention center
up in the U.P.

My ex-girlfriend is dating
him and claiming that she
likes “bad boys”.

Here's hoping she like
getting her skull smashed
into sinks as well.

Acting Childish (*for Billy Childish*)

If I neglect
a poem for
too long,
I cannot
finish riting
it.

It is no longer
connected to
my soul.
It is no longer
connected to
my heart.
It is no longer
connected to
my brain.

It is no longer
butiful.

I crumble it
up and throw
it into the trash,
where I presume
I will never
hear from it
again.

I presume.

For all I know,
those forsaken
poems are soaking
up rain water or
being chewed
up by rats at a
dump or some
homeless person
could be using it
to fuel their fire
or wipe their ass.

Or perhaps
someone will
find it who will
turn it into a
novel, a short
story, an essay,
a painting, a fire,
a dream, a poem.

If I find out they
used my riting
to create something
butiful, I will not
say anything.
I will telepathically
congratulate them
and wish them
the best on their
future projects.

If they come up
to me and ask
me for permission,
I shall grasp there
hands and say it
was theirs the
moment they put
their soul into
it.

Benazir

Bhutto was killed
before I opened
up my eyes today.
I learned about it
from Yahoo! and
I watched and read
about the shit going
down in Pakistan
all day.

That night at 6:30,
I watched the latest
updates about the
situation on the
CBS Evening News.

Mom was finished
with making the
chocolate chip
cookies.

“Can I eat them
now?” I asked.

“Yes, but they
may be a little
soft,” she said.

I ate two of them,
spent some time
on the internet,
watched Comedy
Central, ate some
more home made
chocolate chip
cookies, and slept
without dreaming.

And I woke up the
next day, an American
man living in Michigan,
with its shitty economy
and having no fear

of any presidential
candidates getting
shot up and their
followers being
blown to pieces.

Fish Care

The cop held
me over the
bridge by my
feet.

“No one in
this town gives
a shit about
you,” he
laughed.

“Do you
suppose
anyone in the
water will?”

“Yeah,” I
replied.

“The fish
will adore
me.”

He let go
of my feet.

My Dead Grandpa Almost Married A Mexican Woman

He was the
Arturo Bandini
I never knew.

NUMBER!!!

That poor, poor
kid.

I may have beat
the shit out of
him three times
in the past, but
what our fourth
grade teacher
was doing to him,
I felt, was a tad
bit cruel.

He wasn't
retarded, but his
lack of interest in
his education and
his tendency to
interrupt the
class in odd,
childish ways
led us to believe
he was.

Mr. Bachelder
wasn't having
any of it.
He saw through
Cormac's antics
and laziness.

His automatic
response: rage.

We would all
watch Bachelder—
this tall, obese
man with glasses
and a large, dark
mustache stand
right in front of
Cormac's desk
after a wrong

answer or a fuck
up and yell.

He would
YELL.
Clench his
fists.
Grind his
teeth.
Squint his
eyes.
Mutate his
face.

Bachelder
took his rage
to the next
level by
isolating
Cormac from
the rest of
the class.
He moved
Cormac and
his desk up
front, next to
his desk, facing
the windows.
To beat him
down more,
Bachelder
later set up
two large
cardboard
box sides
around Cormac,
giving him a
faux-cubical.

During math
time, Bachelder
asked Cormac
a question.
Cormac didn't
know the answer.
Bachelder blew

up and demanded
an answer.
“Number!” he
yelled.

Cormac remained
silent.

“NUMBER!”
Bachelder hollered.

Cormac looked up
fearfully

.

“NUMBER!!!”

Cormac started to
cry.

“NUMBER!!!”

Cormac was holding
his face in his
hands, bawling his
eyes out.

“NUMBER!!!”

We all watched
Bachelder lording
over this twit—
who’s spirit was
smashed into mush.
The only thing
Bachelder could
really do now to
harm Cormac was
to grab him and
smash his skull
against the cold,
hard cement wall.

Bachelder had
dished out punishment
that I—and probably

my fellow fourth graders—have never witnessed before.

The number was mouthed by another student afterwards, and neither Cormac nor I gave a flying fuck.

In Gods Image

Today, I looked
in the mirror and
saw God.

He was just as
ugly as I am.

You Know Your Encyclopedia Is Old...

If it describes
James Baldwin's
novel *Tell Me
How Long The
Train's Been
Gone* as "...the
story of a Negro
actor's struggle
to succeed in a
white world."

You Know Your World Map Is Old...

If Russia is
still labeled
as the U.S.S.R.

Worth Every Dollar

Jack London couldn't
hold his liquor.
Ernest Hemingway
couldn't hold his liquor.
Jack Kerouac couldn't
hold his liquor.

Charles Bukowski could
hold his liquor.
Hunter S. Thompson could
hold his liquor.

Now THAT'S a drinking
match I would pay money
to see.

Fake Leather

“Can you spin
around, grab
your crotch,
and yell?” one
of my teammates
asked the weird
kid on our hockey
team.

He came into
the locker room
wearing a *fake*
leather jacket,
fake leather
pants, and a
single *fake*
leather glove
on his right
hand.

I bet then—and
still do—that
he could.

How to Read a Thomas Wolfe Novel

Read only the
parts that
involve the
main character.
Skip the parts
that don't.

Half of Wolfe's
work is magic.
The other half
is bullshit.

He was a
genius and,
one the
greatest
novelists to
ever be born
on America's
democratic
soil.

Last Ditch Effort

The flowers blew
themselves up in
a last ditch effort
to eradicate the
weeds.

Shooters

I named my
children
Aaron Burr
and Dick
Cheney in
hopes that
they will grow
up to be sly
politicians
and good
shots.

This Wouldn't Have Happened in Japan

I was told
by a guy
who once
lived in
Japan that
you could
accidentally
leave your
bag in a
subway
compartment
and that it
would still
be there
when you
went back
to get it.

If I lived
in Japan,
the crappy
watch I
bought
from Wal-
Mart would
still have
been on the
table where
I accidentally
left it.

Remember,
I said *would*

I have yet
to visit Japan.

Nerves of Steel

My dog laid
on the floor
and watched
two junkies
shoot up on
T.V. without
giving off any
signs of being
shocked nor
interested.

Now he just
moved over
to the other
side of the
couch.

I know there
are things
that bothers
him.
I just haven't
discovered
them yet.

Things Are Gonna Get Ugly

For the one
nerd living
in a world
filled with
dweebs.

AGNOSTIC EGGS



Cool Rain Water

I was sleeping
in the alley
behind the old
toy store.
My landlord
booted me
out of my home
a few hours ago
and, not wanting
to check into
the homeless
shelter, went
to sleep underneath
the stars behind
a good childhood
memory.

My body was
being pelted
by something.
I sat up and saw
the clouds
light up.
I ripped open
the package
containing my
one dollar disposable
poncho, put it
on, and went
back to sleep.

I woke up
four hours
later—according
to my cheap
Wal-Mart
watch—to
find myself
completely
soaked.

In my right
hand, a pool

of water.

I lifted the
hand to my
mouth and
gulped the
water down.
Then I turned
over towards
the brick wall
and tried to
get back to
sleep.

Gaza Kids

If you're a
child in Gaza,
you could
look up in
the sky and
see clouds,
birds, stars,
the sun,
the moon,
and Israeli
flying machines—
who's passengers
are determined
to blow
you and
your home
straight to
Hell.

So Bored With The World

I'm tired of
Michigan.
I have to
get out of
this state.

The U.S.
will hold
me for
a while,
then I'll
get sick
of it and
will go out
into the
world.

Once I
get sick
of the
world,
I wonder
where
I'll go
then.

Adult Acne

Twenty years old
and my skin is as
greasy as it was
when I was sixteen
and seventeen.

It's probably adult
acne.
I should be done
with puberty.

Pimples big,
small, and white
still pop up everywhere.
Acne is still big,
stubborn, and
painful.

A man who can't
touch his own
face without
feeling pain is
quiet a horrible
concept.

Clearasil gets
rid of them.

Popping makes
them go away.

They will return
again.

Atlanta, MI

I looked at
it's cemetery
as I passed
by it and said
aloud, "I'll
bet my soul
that there
are more
people in
the ground
here than
there are
living in
this village.

Plant

Stuff my veins
with dirt.
Fill up my
gut with
water and
fertilizer.
Finally, plant
me in the
ground up
to my waist
(don't forget
the fence).

If I don't
spout into
a beautiful
flower, or
if I grow into
a weed,
cremate my
body and throw
my ashes into
the wind or the
sea.

Donation

Burn my corpse
to ashes.
Throw it in the
river.
Donate it to a
group of necrophiliacs.

For the love of
all that is holy,
just don't bury
it in a grave.

Canada

Across from Lake
Huron is Canada.

All that beauty,
freedom, and
adventure just
across a few
miles of water.

From where
I'm at, I can
only see the
water and the
endless sky.

It reminds me
of where I'm
unfortunately
at.

Agnostic Eggs

I bought eggs
and opened
them when
I got home.
There was
a passage from
the Bible
printed on
the inside of
the lid.

I ate the eggs
and my tongue
and stomach
didn't burn up.

One Way Or Another

After being harassed,
beat up, and spied on
while taking a shit,
this was the last straw.

Ned beat the crap
out of me again on
the bus while heading
home from another
humiliating day at Ella
White.

It happened so often
that I believed it would
go on forever and ever
without end.

Dad blew up and
stomped down to
Ned's house—only
three houses away
from ours.

Instead of Ned, my
dad got to confront
Ned's father.

Mom didn't allow
me to tag along
with him.

From the cement
steps, we watched dad
grab Ned's father
by the shirt collar
and threaten to
kick the shit out
of him and Ned if
I was assaulted again.

How such a sadistic,
brutal dickhead like
Ned came from the
balls of such a lanky,
weird dweeb still
amazes me to this day.

I made a pact with
myself pledging that
if I ever meet any
of my elementary
school enemies in
the future, I will
beat them into the
ground.

One way or another.

Snow Day: Part #1

“Floyd!”

Mom has the
day off because
school was
cancelled.

“Yeah?”

“Get up! Up,
Up!”

I’m cold.

My head
hurts.

My stomach
is queasy.

Days like
this make you
wonder whether
you made the
correct choices
in life or if
you’re starring
in a David
Lynch film.

Snow Day: Part #2

High winds, tons
of snow, icy roads.

I wait for the light
to change in the
left turning lane,
hoping some idiot
won't crash or
slide into my car
while turning.

(I am the only
good driver in
Alpena.
It's bullshit, but
I have assimilated
it into my reality).

Four-wheel drive
helps, but it
doesn't give off
any assurance.

"If I'm going to
die trying to
attend ACC on
a day like this,"
I say, "I might
as well go out
listening to
something poetic
and true."

The rest of the
way, I listen to
Hank Williams
"I'm So Lonesome
I Could Cry"
and "(I Heard That)
Lonesome Whistle"

Snow Day: Part #3

Think about it
Floyd, I ponder.
Dostoevsky and
Chekhov were
born, raised, lived
and died in this
type of weather!

I wept.

Snippet

A friend of
mine requested
that everyone
suggest a
title for a
short poem
he wrote.

“Snippet?”
I suggested,
then said,
“Yeah, that
probably won’t
work.

It didn’t.

Now I call
all my short
poems Snippets.

This poem
is already
too long to
be categorized
as such, but
I hope you
enjoyed the
story none
the less.

Ret Marut

B. Traven had
fame, anonymity,
and the one
thing me, Butcher,
and other
underground
writers need
to survive in
this capitalist
society:

money.

‘the ass that hurt me’

My ex-girlfriend
broke up with her
boyfriend.
She keeps his
pictures on her
Myspace photo
page.
Descriptions under
the pics include
“the ass that hurt
me” and “yep I hate
this man, brett”.

It’s a good thing
she was the one
that ended our
relationship.

Debunking

Myth: Garret Schuelke
is dead.

Truth: Garret Schuelke
is still alive—though he
feels dead half the time.

On The List

A lot of people
in this world
deserve to be
killed.

You might be
one of them.

I know I'm
one of them.

Still Sucks

Mackinaw City was
the center of the
fur trade in Michigan.

Mackinaw City is
now one of the
centers of tourism
in Michigan.

This state still sucks.

Criminal Descriptions

Jack the Ripper
and the Zodiac
Killer have never
been identified,
but the investigations
of them—and
any other unidentified
killers—have
showed that
there are many
people in the
world that
are fucked up
and fit criminal
descriptions.

Hello

So long,
goodbye,
sayonara!

I hope I
never,
EVER
see you
again.

Animal Apartment

One day, a
landlord
purchased
an apartment
building that
he wanted to
rent out only
to animals.

A couple came
to him wanting
to rent and
he promptly
refused them.

They cried
discrimination.

He told them
that once humans
destroy hate,
greed, racism,
sexism, homophobia,
censorship,
authoritarianism,
war, fascism,
capitalism,
the State, and poverty,
he might just
change his
policies.

The couple
left, and a
mother and
her kittens
walked in,
curious about
the prices.

EXTRA WRITINGS



*(After discovering “Stone Hotel: Poems from Prison” by Raegan Butcher during my spring 2007 semester of NMC, I read through it twice, which prompted me to write this poem—the one that started it all. I remember posting it later to a poetry group on Myspace, where the moderator gently trolled me for writing a “list poem”. The second poem I wrote later that week, “Violent Urges”, would end up being published in **Blind Grave Robber**.)*

Laziness Pwns Work

6:29 p.m.
One minutes till
6:30.
The Hawaiian
dance is an hour
and a half away.

Had all day to
work on my report
but I just fucked
off on the internet.
occupying my time
with Myspace,
livejournal, Liveleak,
and online Naruto
manga.

6:31 p.m.
“We don’t want
this to be a wasted
year,” says my mom
Over the phone,
informing me that I
am below a 2.0
in English 112 (knew it),
food and Nutrition
(also knew it),
and Vietnam War
class (fuck man, I
thought I was doing
good in that class.)
I still have Sociology
going for me.

My beef ramen was
cooking for 52 minutes

and 43 seconds.
I thought I set it for
6 minutes but I accidentally
set it for 60 minutes.
set it back up at 3
minutes.
That should do.

You lazy ass dick moron,
I think to myself,
get your work done!

I know how I want to
Rework the report.
I took it to the Writing
Center earlier in the week
And had it checked.

6:37 p.m.
Ramen's done.

The checker told me it
was well written and
that I really knew what
I was talking about.
My problem was that
some parts—mainly the
commentary—sounded
like it was me talking.

It needs to sound
academic, like a robot
wrote it.

Now get it done!

The report is due tomorrow
at 10:15 a.m.
put the final draft in a
folder with the first and
second drafts and hope
for the best.

6:55 p.m., and I still
don't feel like doing it.
where does this laziness

come from? I ask myself.

Don't concern yourself
with lame, existentialist
questions, I command
myself.
Get your work done!

Here's what I will
Do:

--Fuck around for
Another hour.

--Go to the dance.

--Return at 11:30 p.m.
when the dance is over
and work until at least
2:00 a.m. then go to
sleep and wake up at
8:00 a.m. and use those
two hours and 15 minutes
to finish up and/or print
whatever is left to do.

Make the task fun.
I'll see how much I
do before the new
episode of Aqua
Teen Hunger Force
comes on.

Ramen's ready to eat.

*(Published in Dogzplot, January 2008. This happens to be the first piece of flash fiction I've ever written. I wrote this up during an exercise that a writing group I was a part of at ACC was doing. We were supposed to write for ten minutes, but I wrote this in six. The head of the group, who happened to be my journalism teacher, bitched me out for not continuing to write. Afterwards, we sat around until someone vocalized that we had nothing else to do. I offered to read some poems from the Allen Ginsberg book I had with me, but said journalism teacher shut me down, saying "This night isn't going to be all about **you**." I quit the group shortly afterwards, figuring that I could spend my time better elsewhere, and that if I was going to be disrespected by someone my parents were paying to educate me, it may as well be only twice a week and not during my free time.)*

Revenge

Dave took aim with his bow and arrow. He did not steady the shot. He knew the arrow would hit its mark.

Off the arrow went. It passed by some people, some houses, some birds, some clouds, some planes, and some stars. It tore into Gabriel's wings. Down Gabriel went towards Earth.

He made a crater when he crashed. Dave walked up to the edge. "That's what you get!" he yelled, pointing at Gabriel.

"Get what?" Gabriel asked, confused. "For having prettier wings than me!"

Dave flew down the street. Gabriel went into the dollar store to purchase a ketchup-fueled jetpack.

This isn't over Dave, he thought. He put on the jetpack. I shall have my vengeance!

He flew up towards the sun. He was seen again fifteen minutes later walking his catdog around the park.

A prostitute gave him \$3.50 and jumped into the river. He bought a jazzercise cassette tape and some gummy bears. He decided to go home, kill his catdog, and watch a foot fetish film on his black and white T.V.

(Published in *Phiendly*, May 2012. The original article featured two audio tracks, links, album art, and the flyer for the show)

Kzoo's The Almanac Shouters to Play One Final Show

THE ALMANAC SHOUTERS, a trio of Kalamazoo Folk-Punkers who ended their reign of glory in July 2011, is one of those bands that brings out my selfish side as a music lover: I adore the music, and I respect the musicians involved and want them to be successful and happy in their musical careers, but I don't want them to go away—*ever*. Lucky for me, and Kalamazoo's music scene, the Shouters are having a one-off reunion show this Friday (May 25) at The Ant Hill (check out DIT Kalamazoo for information regarding the house venues location), with performances by Lincoln County War (watch live performance [here](#)) and George Costanza, who happen to be playing their first show on their upcoming tour.

In celebration of the Shouters being united again, let's take a look at their two albums: *A Long Road Home*, released in January 2010, and *Windmills*, released in February 2011. Both albums consist of 13 tracks, and are about as similar as the two sides of a piece of tree bark.

A Long Road Home is the more energetic album. The first song, "Jack Kerouac" (stream below), in itself contains all the themes that make up the album: an enthusiasm for traveling, wonderment at what the world has to offer (physical, spiritual, good, bad, or otherwise), and a search for one's identity. In the tradition of other Folk-Punk bands such as Defiance, Ohio and Andrew Jackson Jihad, many of the songs have become embedded enough in our minds that, at shows, we can't help but give our own impromptu performances when Alex Quinlander starts rocking out, with Rory Svekric egging us on with each slap of her double bass (once to the point of one of the strings breaking during a performance).

The more somber songs, like "Vice of Men", are the type where it's best to close your eyes and croon along with the chorus. I believe Nola Wiersma's singing on "Going Nowhere" to be even more emotional and nostalgic than Ryan Woods singing on "Grandma Song" (or any other of Defiance, Ohio's somber song on "The Great Depression", for that matter).

Windmills is a more introspective album. Rather than an album that invokes the open road, it invokes sitting in a living room, reflecting on your home life while strumming your guitar, sometimes going off into space. The second track, "Allen Blvd" (stream below), like "Jack Kerouac", sets the albums stage when it comes to themes and attitude, and while certain songs, such as "A Mountain Song" and "Ann Bancroft" are reminiscent of some of the sing-a-longs on "A Long Road Home", *Windmills* seems to avoid anthems in favor of spirituals.

Some fun facts that you should know: the name "Almanac Shouters" was inspired by The Almanac Singers, a New York Folk group back in the 1940's that included, at various times, legendary folk and blues musicians such as Woody Guthrie, Pete Seeger, Sonny Terry, Cisco Houston, and Sis Cunningham. In the tradition of Folk music (not Folk-Punk), two songs on each

of the albums seems to be inspired by other famous tunes (“Little Black Train” seems inspired by a spiritual also titled “Little Black Train”, and “Windmills” tune was taken from Elizabeth Cotton’s “Freight Train”). Nola has also been known to do an intense rendition of “Railroad Bill” at some Shouter performances.

On the invite page for Friday’s show, the description notes that, since Nola is moving away at the end of May, this is most likely the final time the Almanac Shouters will ever perform. I cringe at this prospect, and hope that the Shouters will come together again sometime in the future, but in case that doesn’t happen, it’s comforting to know that we have the Shouters music to listen to and, like many great musicians and bands that are no longer around, their spirit will always be hanging around somewhere in our heads.

(Unpublished review, written shortly after the Almanac Shouters article. Also would have featured Youtube videos, links, and album cover art.)

Trip To Herald takes you on a journey through keyboard folk-punk

It was at a bonfire in the Vine Neighborhood where—between the poetry reading, music playing, drinking, smoking, laughing, and storytelling— I became reacquainted with "J", a local poet that I met at some of the readings I attended (and took part in) when I first moved to Kalamazoo. I expected him to read some new pieces, but instead he sang us some songs which, during the trillion years that we haven't seen each other, he had been writing under the name Trip To Herald.

The songs performed were part of what would become the album Graffito, which consists of eight tracks of keyboard-driven folk-punk that, at the moment, can only be found on Youtube. After listening to the entire thing, the influence of a certain folk-punk icon and a certain radical "organization" that TTH and I have discussed at great lengths were evident in the songs: Pat The Bunny, known for his music under the name/bands Johnny Hobo and the Freight Trains, Wingnut Dishwashers Union, and Ramshackle Glory, and Crimethinc, the anarchist collective which, according to Infoshop.com founder Chuck Munson, is "'one of the more important anarchist projects happening in North America over the past decade".

I mentioned before in a previous article that many folk-punk bands have songs that eventually become anthems—songs that fans love so much that they memorize the lyrics and tend to sing/scream them at shows. Pat The Bunny has those as well, but I see many of his songs being more "quotable". By this, I mean that he tends to have lyrics that are so striking in some sense that fans have taken them out of context and "quoted" them (on Facebook status updates, Tumblr reblogs, etc.). Graffito possess the same type of magic, and, unlike Pat's songs (specifically during his Johnny Hobo stage), many of them are more humorous than cynical:

"But now I'm burning all your buildings and then watching secretly from a distance."—"Arson isn't my Job it's just a Hobby"

"But since you had to push your conformity on me well I got an obligation to make sure that all your shit gets fucked up."—"Graffiti Artist"

"It's too bad we got churches, and the Republican party/You and I are going to blow up church and go hang out at the bar"—"Jesus is a BAMF"

"You got something, something you don't show nobody."—"Don't Show Nobody"

Crimethinc, through books such as *Evasion*, *Off The Map*, *Expect Resistance*, and its children's literature, has, in its fight against capitalist culture, shown the struggle of radicals attempting to make their everyday lives bearable in some way, revealing their romantic and tender sides. TTH's personal passions show through in songs such as "Don't Show Nobody", "Smoke Down Tonight", "The Conformity Song/My Brain is Made of McNuggets", and "Jesus is a BAMF", where TTH, a Christian Anarchist, goes from asking Jesus why David wrote such terrible poetry, to imagining them taking peyote out in the desert, to finally reflecting on how, while Jesus is out saving the world, he has to deal with bills, student loans, jobs, and other things that every person in America—whatever their personal or political persuasion may be—has to deal with instead of focusing on creating a better world. It's also through these songs that I believe the keyboard is best utilized, creating a really low-key, pleasant sound that can become haunting within seconds.

While I'm guessing all the songs are autobiographical, one of them, "Graffiti Artist", sticks out because it's a satirical account of an event that made TTH particularly famous in Kalamazoo. In February 2011, TTH, a graffiti artist and enthusiast—besides being a musician and poet—tagged Western Michigan University's East Hall, which was already a popular spot for people to graffiti upon, and who's image was captured by Western Michigan University's Department of Public Safety's surveillance system (said picture was used as the album cover for *Graffito*). TTH was later arrested and charged for the tagging, and has since went on to occasionally write passionate viewpoints in defense of graffiti.

I did a quick online search before ending this review and, just as I had thought, Youtube is still the only place online where you can really listen to *Graffito*. Dear TTH: as a fan—and, more importantly, your friend and comrade—I'm pleading with you to put *Graffito*, along with any future music, on Bandcamp, Soundcloud, or any other website that would allow for either free download or purchase. Hell, it would even be awesome if you were to put *Graffito* out as a zip file on Mediafire.

You made a great album that I believe needs more exposure to the folk-punk world, and I believe that *Trip To Herald* deserves more recognition (and more fans blasting it from their car and bedroom stereos).

*(Published in the second issue of Public Record Contraband, along with Gaza Kids, which appeared earlier in **Agnostic Eggs**)*

No Salvation, No Hope

Across the street
from each other
is an unemployment
office and a Catholic
church.

I can't find salvation
in either one.

(Published in Strange Road, 2007. This poem features one of the many "styles" I was trying out at the time in hopes of finding a way to write poetry that I was comfortable with. I'm also sure this, along with the poem "Violent Urges" marks the first time, or, at least, one of the first poems, where I used the name Floyd Spicer.)

Short-Timer

Hoses can't be rolled up if they're twisted up/
Bosses also get pissed if you don't realize it's become twisted/

"Straighten it out! Don't just stand there like you're holding a cock!" yells Alex, my foreman/

"Fuck you old man! Fuckin' eat shit and die!" I yell/

Nothing is said between us afterwards/
We roll up the hose, clean up the rest of the area, and leave/

Everyone get out of the Suburban/
"Floyd, when is your last week?" Alex asks me/
I tell him/

He writes it down/

"We gotta talk."/

"About what?" I ask/

He turns to face me/

"I noticed that you're starting to develop what me and the guys back in the Navy called 'short-timers' syndrome."/

I'm confused/

"A short-timer is someone who starts to slow down because they know their time is almost up."/

He stops me before a single word can come out of my mouth/

"And you fell that since you're almost done, you're all like 'Fuck-this-shit-why-should-I-bust-my-ass-over-it?'"

"That's not how I think!" I blurt out/

"Well Spicer, that shit down in the tunnel with the hose was the last straw for me."/

I sighed/

There was nothing I could really say to counter that/

"Well listen," he said suddenly. "You're not in any kind of trouble. I just wanted to warn you about the signs I have been seeing."/

We talked a bit more and he asked me if I hate working here/

"I don't," I replied. "But it just gets to me some days, you know?"/

"Well, this is what's gonna happen," he explained. "Just work hard and do your best the last few weeks you're here."/

"Okay."/

"And I'll let you take it easy your last week."/

“You don’t have to do that for me.”/
“Have to,” he said with a grin. “It’s tradition.”/

We walk back to the lunch room to pack up/
I apologize again to him/

“Don’t worry about it Floyd,” he says. “Don’t worry.”

(My tribute to Fourth Coast, a 24-hour café located in Kalamazoo's Vine Neighborhood. I spent much time there when I first moved to Kzoo, writing, reading, drinking orange juice—I don't drink coffee—and hanging out with friends. This was also before the smoking ban in took effect in Michigan, which I think decreased the amount of time patrons would spend there. I do know one thing though: the joint had more of a really eccentric, bohemian energy about it when smoking was allowed. Before and afterwards, if I was alone, I would usually attempt to get the booth that was located in the far left corner of the café.)

Corner Booth

Sitting in a corner booth at Fourth Coast.

Loose table, bench with black paint wearing off, looking out the window at Westnedge Street and at the rack that holds two bikes that probably have been locked up there for a few days now.

Comfortable, spacious, away from the majority of cigarette smoke, I can see myself napping here if I ever become homeless. Buy some cookies, a drink, place some books and notebooks on the table, and pass out.

Dream of trains.

Dream of girls.

Dream of adventure.

There is an outlet on the pillar next to the booth that has "+ Fork" written underneath it.

This joint has a solution to all my problems.



Garret Schuelke is a writer, journalist, activist, and blogger hailing from Alpena, Michigan. He attended Western Michigan University, earning a Bachelors in Arts in December 2011. His writings have been featured in UR Chicago, High Tension Magazine, Dead Snakes, the Western Herald, Phiendly, Public Record Contraband, The Litribune, Kzoo Music Scene, The CrossCut, , Alternative Reel, Dogzplot, Strange Road, and Black Book Press poetry zine. He currently resides in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

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